Feb 4-1929

Monday

Dearest - What a time your letters take to come! The posted Monday comes this morning - to my great delight. You can't think what a difference it makes when they arrive in a blue envelope. I'm still in bed - that's where I was in bed till after tea & then came down in my nightgown & lie on the bed till after dinner (as I'm doing now) I'm better, however - not so limp - And no pain for two days & no sleeping dragons, only Bromide. I've had this sentry thing before, especially after flu, right thigh that is, & it always takes some time to go off - Also the seasick dragon, which is not personal. Mais ma mère sensitive. But anyhow the Dr & I seemed very pleased with the Berlin racketing (I daresay I was.) on the top of the others. So I'm still prevented from seeing anyone - which may

Please you. You are still the only face I have
in my mind's eye. Therefore my letters are
of an unstoppable badness. Viola Nice
Peter & Lydia & Tom Eliot Ring up &
I think of their Sailing about somewhere
miles overhead, a fish at the bottom
of the sea - Often Hopkins lives become so
decorative when one takes no part in
them. I admit I rather like this solitude.
One mind fills up like a sponge. I
think of you. To own up, I
Visiting of you shining at Embassies
I like to think of you all lit up among
Nuncios & footmen. No a weakness of mine.
Part of your glamour. Neither. On the
other hand, Berlin glamour seems ashy thin
of Whitworths Woolworths & Lyons
Come Now — its immeasurable mediocrity
still affects me. And you to be held under Neal
arc lamp! Aren't you a

creature of the dark? Very well. We will
watch the moon rise together. ~~We will~~ Bosquet rang up Thea Kronborg to
ask if we were coming — as I think I secretly
I don't see any immediate purpose, but
it refreshes me to think we owned so many
movies. I imagine Jim to grow like them
At the end of the week I then dictate a
bit & take little drives. Who shall I
begin the Mother? That's what I want to
know.

Then that damned book a fiction—
it Bek wants 10,000 more words—
such nonsense! I daren't leave it into
lunch again with another Orlando—
A woman writes that she has to stop
Reis the page when she reads O:—
Your face, I imagine. The percentage of

darkness is rising in the Violet, all because of
Ga. and did you speak to the red haired woman!
Please be explicit + honest. What he so
Lucky when I shower then that I shall
run amok at the least provocation.
L's mother is worse, a kiss the nurse that
nursed Lord Carnock. Then tell a Jew the boy.
Laurence Irving have been staying in Mrs
Pitt's house in the park. Jack Hutch. + L
are going to work some problem — nothing
will be safe — not the letter
Let me have Joan address of Peppito.
Read Joyce song (his) don't like you to be
further away. And send any map —
picture postcard even —
like I have made. I'm sick but tired. W
likes I could get my pen + write a real, but
I'm abandoned to lazyness.
news. Mother the market + days the Jew (to
and medicated as usual) Scent chaotic —
We has made me breathe + now breathe —
can go to the Dam sick + W.
Virginia

HAMILTON BARKER 2/5/62

Feb. 7th

Thursday.

There! Does this ink convince you that I'm
better?
A lovely letter from you just come. But
I am telling you the truth. I'm not keeping
anything back — only it's rather difficult to
explain. She did seem very odd — I went
to bed at Harwich rather cold, tired &
apparently all right, took less than the
usual dose of a sea sick draught that Nesca
had taken the week before — & woke
up next morning completely drugged. Leard
had to drag me across to the boat. My
legs staggered & my head reeled. I slept while
Leard dragged me up the ladder, again he had to
drag me into a cab. I went to bed. Shivered
& ached, slept, had a little temperature: the
doctor came next day & said I was certainly
under the influence of some drug, & probably
influenza; but there was nothing in the
door to account for it: & therefore the thought I

must be otherwise exhausted, but I would have
off. However, I think the drug did pass off. The
temperature I remained in what they call a
Kahlig nervous shock - that is they call the
usual symptoms - pain, heart jumps, my back
aches, &c. &c. What I call a frontal headache.
This, as you know, doesn't go away &
what happens is [redacted] me [redacted] day am better -
one day worse. I had Between the whole I
get more hours every day without any
headache or heart anything, & today I'm
here on the sofa almost all day.
but on the other hand my head is much less
bothering - I read almost a whole manuscript
carefully judiciously. There are the dull -
headed details - not a real [redacted] much to send to
Zahalka. But don't, for goodness sake, think
I'm trying to spare you. I should tell you
instantly if I felt bad. No. I didn't feel
tired at in Berlin - I'd had three weeks rest before
& felt very well. That the odd thing - But
NYPL
anyhow. After war Berlin, for

a few months can make it officially known to be what it would have been. I believe it hardly that awful carelessness. But now let's talk of something else.

Lord, I'm glad to address this to Rapallo. The thought of you in Berlin makes me uncomfortable. How far it have sea, a hill, a few women with bushed nose, macaroni & olives — which is what I like to think of you against — with forgiveness, like a young mare: not that intolerable Frau Klemperer — diplomacy — which is ably Frau Klemperer — in extremis. Yes. I dare say it. ? Heidi I know Auntie Esther when I was young. I saw from menage to Lemad. But he doesn't correct proofs etc that that fellow has him for — half Harvard & Herbert. not heard a thumbs down my spirit dead. I have no Everything flees. Darwin high rung up & ? Don't see them. I hear that Valery is Desperate because she was such a success in the Seagull — this proves that she can only act one character, her own. Thei

came to me from my only uncle – not Mary – Helen Anrep –
& who he became this a true blue Bohemian:
Ledwas descended, untouched, completely unmarred –
clear to Rye –

Otherwise no news. Leonard writes very bad
he has to do there. He is a perfect angel – only
more to the point than most angels – the rest on
the edge of which I consider my symptoms like –
finds. he brings home huge pine apples: he
moves the gramophone into my room & plays until he
hears I'm awake. In that, I find have that regularity I
Agree one of these Mornings NYPL I get much:
As soon, I hope to go out – the Square might work
but as I say this won't of course take time: it must
be left to wander about until body like a policeman
trying bolts: & then no doubt I get many more
forms of complete comfort. now. Ah Harold with
My love in what book I found find Lady Besborough
letter? Like & Lord somebody – Vast remembr. who
And give my humble duty & May B. of
for da him. And my love & Edith. And write cards
time. And be happy. And come back soon.
And love Polly & Virginia. How I dreamt & saw
mother last night! How I love
You Virginia

I do hope you are happy, & want to know every detail — & send me a picture post card

Tuesday, 12th Feb. Much love to Harold.

52 T. S.

You have been an angel — letter every day & today a little from le Bocca with your new addres. Is it deep snow? Is it freezing? Is it fine? And are you tramping the hills?

Queenie I asked q the gas fire.

I am very hysterical just today & so am rather grumpy. Always our fault. I incited when writing a little yesterday & so brought on the headache — or rather — for that what it

feels like,— tempted the rat to gnaw
the nerves in my thumb — fourth
finger from the top. You
must expect grumpy stuff like this
letter when it inevitably wore thin
being ill. I have been out. I
have twice walked round the Square
leaning on L's arm — very cold &
ugly straw, & a cat had chosen
to die on the path. Then I
undressed & lie on the sofa.
Today I have lain on the sofa —
not dead, & feel how much
brighter clearer & less
inclined to curse God for having
made such an crazy apparatus
as my nervous system. Is
it worth it? I was asking this

NYPL

morning. In addition, the bath
had frozen; no hot bath; the
kept downstairs had burst. Plumbers
were knocking about in the
walls. Then I ate a beefsteak & a
pancake; & wrapped me up warm;
& I am very cheerful again:
It's awfully difficult to say how
long it's going to take though.
I agree about the flu; but
I think I was foolish also in
Berlin — I don't realise what a
valetudinarian life mine is, usually,
& that what's nothing to anybody
else is racketty to poor Potto.
Never mind. I shall be in robust
health by the 4th. Best
Can I look in for a bite on
the 2nd? And I'm awfully

tempted by the mocha of a few
days at Lapham – as Le Borki
asserts. But enough of these
Egotistical & moribidish woes.
Dolly came yesterday & L. said
she was in an admirable temper
serene & kind. I didn't see her
I've seen Mary once – a
little strained I thought: but
then I think she may feel
"I am 40, & this light is
unbecoming" — I was too
lazy to get up & arrange it.
She was very 'chic' as they
say; I do like her; – in this
way that I like her
for making me think of
pirates, sinister & smart,
wearing fish remorselessly
from the prow of a little boat.

NYPL

She is so intent on her game; I
see her watching the water
then casting her spear — like the
decorative, & hunt, like a bear
of prey, whatever it may be —
a jewel, a toy: the head bea
& Caledonian market —
made of glass. The wea
appeared a hunting hom
dening with a young man, alone;
incautiously, she told me hi
name, & I knew him, & the
door, which disconfound hu-
hunters that she is. But
how fascinating dreadfu
between women is — ho
feverishly exciting! The

has been victimised by press red
haired photographer by the way. She
quite has a war rest on a bob for £5 –
but she is a crafty devil, Mary.

Thats all my news. Vanessa is
back at Comer Ward & ats here, so
I dont bother to see the enchantress of
Leeds. She talk nursery talk. She
wants me to keep a letter near her – that?
Leeds, prickly. talk, Thats deep after
moment a waste of life. But then
Vita? Three Muses are such a
bore – 4 weeks clean out of my life:
when shall I want the Mother? I'm
telling the doctor that it; as for rays, due to
suppressed sandness. That true.
But also. its suppressed imagination.
To write criticism is now like
keeping my hand clenched, so
much do I want to stretch & write
fiction. And to see Vita. That
would make me well. Seriously
it would. Polly & Virginia
well

Friday
Feb. 16th

52 TS.

Mrs Mathew sent to Berlin
with him — alas! alas! Poor
Vita Sackville has care again
upon her stiff olive tree.
She may be frozen. Thank, evening
the alps. Was it really
true - about the mimosa
being warm after dinner?
Talk of icicles! You can see
icicles 50 feet long - from
the top story to the ground — in
Tavistock Square. As
London has no provision for
cold, we are in elephants
skates, ah yes: most have
no baths, no water closets, no

& come no farther, as the fishes are frozen. Our waterclosets in our story – the plug fitted tightly. No bath, though. What happened in that nature, having described read a certain description (see O-O) was so taken by it that he determined to do it better. Needless to say he does it infinitely worse.

NYPL

Not a flounder or an old woman who dies at London Bridge. I went I know that Jim had crossed the Alps safely.

My father has been ailing – I know dreary invalidish egotism. Please

forgive it. It no good trying to
stroke me this cold, & I'm
back at the sofa again, but
dont much mind. I shall be
in bed hereby by nine 4th.
Meanwhile I read vast
mazes of Mills. They
plague my life at, there
unhappy women & men, &
and this ?nasty? Mrs. he
tells them how they ed. be
improved. I saw Lytton
yesterday & he wrote about
Lady Bessborough — Sir
Lew Granville — the fortune.
How I adore Lytton! — Eight
for his saturnalian orgies
which are on top: but rather

baffling if you're rather mixed up in the
head. Also the Duchess & Queen
& Co stand between us. Which
the sensible boy can anticipate he
knows what) don't you: I want
ask me: we can keep to ourselves.
Otherwise I do nobody by heart
& can't read Sir to me Clarissa.
I don't want to see anyone much—
(There was a woman I once met
in a fish shop, by some
glass bowls — what was
her name? Nicols, I think—
Well I'd rather like to
see her again.)
Regiment — send it
when today work
Lady Diana. Love to

marooned in Paris with the
prettiest girl in the movie
world; & has been completely
happy for 3 weeks — but it
won't last. A man called
Dick Wyndham has come
into our lives — he has the
girl now.

I don't know why old women
read words — why Murder
Mysteries — the meaning
of Psychic phenomena has been
revealed to me — it's a sort
of pap-slop — something
made digestible & sweet
for imbeciles. (I love an
occasional word & the fact

change to the clerical grey thread
for hours & hours shut me
over the afternoon. In the
evening I read Beau Brummell.
I mustn't go back to "A
woman of 40". And write
the poor witch a little to say
nothing can make this
whatever might do to worry
from her entrance & spare away
every bitterness. Poor & the life
She is hag-educated, deserted
even as I / a week with a
child. Dolly writes
that her loneliness is a disease -
she is hated & feared & mean.
I beg her mercy to see

Tuesday, Feb. 1916

Well, where are you? No
letter since Saturday; I
fear you may be in the snow among
the wolves. Perhaps I shall
hear tomorrow from Berlin,
from your cage, the ornamental
Cage. But this time fortnight
you'll be looking for the snowdrops
at Long Barn.

And I have been for a little
walk in Mackynnet Street
& bought a Kettle (2/3) &
some Cars. (so they call
Carnations.) & am now
not dressed but sitting up
like a woman of the world,

over a little gas fire, for our
pipes are choked. So you
may infer that I am looking
up; & shall be in much health
by the time our health is
record. I wrote two pages
yesterday; dull ones, but
pages, with sentences &
paragraphs; only about
the Barneys, who attract
me less than the moths, though.

Dolly is coming in—I
believe this evening. Ray must
have been chattering on the
telephone. Not a man or
woman in the Strand has
reached the age of fourteen
& days; & what is
more, he has made no

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money. Mrs Archibald has been & given me a brooch with a wolf's head on it — & you know how I hate presents. However she gave me what I adore — a long & detailed account of Zita Youngman's father, mother & marriage; what led to a vast panorama of the Lotuchs. in Yorks, Zita saying "And I'll have a fag in my room", she hath not locks, Lady Ida, Nellie Tennant with her old nurse — what Rich, Isabella's foolishness 'real life!'

Yes I think reading Sterne is real life. I am sometimes pleased to think that I read

English literature when I was young:
I like to think of myself tapping at
my father's study door
very loud & clear "Can I have
another volume, father? I've
finished this one". Then he would
be very pleased & say "Gracious
child, how you gobble!" (There's
Miss Matheson & ringing up to
say they want to broadcast the
frost & I have in Ord — do
tomorrow — do I mind? No.
That's all right —) & get up
poke down, & may have been
the 6th or 7th volume of
Gibbons complete works, or
Browning Spedding, Bacon, or
Cowper's Letters. " " But
my dear, it is worth reading, it

work reading twice" he would say. I have a great devotion for him — what a disinterested man, how high minded, how tender to me, & fierce & intolerable — But I am meandering. And I cannot remember how many Sybils, disinterested has got. (There's a young man called Darwin — almost broke in on me in my night gown — an undergraduate. Never mind, he's been told to do.)

Blanche has written a long, very negary, very acid, article on G—o; with so many hits & double meanings one can't see the wood for the trees: something very arch about

two birds flying together to France —
alighting at Dieppe last
autumn.

We've just been sent the
American edition of Twelve Days —
very dazzling & unfamiliar looking.
Next time I shall
only have to ring up
Would 14 to hear
a muffled shuffling like
a rhinoceros nosing about,
with a wet muzzle &
feathered paws.

But Lord! you may
be among the cataracts,
frozen; write, anyhow, one line.

Virginia

NYPL

HAMILT BARKER 2/5/62